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THE REASON WHY.

Why is the world so fair to-day?
Why do I feel so blithe and gay,
As through the throng I pick my way?
I've got a new spring suit!

See how the other women stare
As I go by with jaunty air;
Just hear them whisper: "I declare,
She's got a new spring suit!"

See how the men, as they pass by,
Look at me with admiring eye.
To-day all rivals I defy
In my brand-new spring suit.

Why is my husband's face so glum?
I'll tell you why—but keep it mum!—
He's thinking that next week will come
The bill for my spring suit.

Well, I must go. Good-bye! Oh, say!
If you see Mollie West to-day,
Just tell her in a quiet way
I've got a new spring suit.
—*Somerville Journal.*

THE KING OF SPIDERS.

Habits of the Tarantula as Noted by a Naturalist.

A Silken Home Underground—Ferocity of the Insect Tigers as Displayed in Their Pursuit of Prey—Its Enemy, the Hawk.

In wandering along the foothills of the Sierras after a rain, on what is called adobe ground, the sharp-eyed observer will sometimes notice a sudden movement of the earth. A seeming leaf or a bit of the soil about as large as a silver dollar will drop, quiver or shake. Some little prescience on the part of the walker will enable him to discover the cause of this, and close and careful examination will disclose an oval spot, perhaps an inch and a half across, that seems separated from the surface. Now insert the point of your knife into one side and lift. Surely there is something holding back. Now you gain a quarter of an inch and obtain a glimpse into the black cavern so uncovered of a hairy, uncanny looking object, the tenant you are trying to evict. Another lift and something gives, and you have opened the door of one of the most cunningly devised and marvelous structures in the entire animal kingdom—the trap door of the king of the spiders, one of the commonest but perhaps least known insects of Southern California; a huge, hairy fellow, sometimes three inches across, a menace to timid walkers and not particularly appreciated by the professional naturalist who is supposed to be en rapport with bugs and things.

The first one I ever met, a blood relation of the above—the *Mygale avicularia* of South America—was one stormy night in the Gulf Stream, about two hundred miles off Cape Florida. It was blowing fresh, and about midnight a rush overhead brought us on deck, where we found that the schooner was lying to, and near at hand was a dismantled hulk. The latter had been stripped in a hurricane, hailed from Trinidad, South America, and was loaded with the choicest preserved fruits. The only living creature aboard was one of these gigantic spiders, that, when I rescued it from the bilge the next morning, settled down into a large saucer, its claws or legs reaching to the edge on either side—a most hideous and repulsive object, the large hairy body resembling that of a plethoric mouse.

The monster lives in South America, in holes, and is a close ally of the California species. It preys upon quite large animals, birds the size of a sparrow falling victims to its web and mandibles, and altogether it is the most ferocious and dreaded member of the insect tribe. The Southern California cousin is equally disagreeable, and as we pull it struggling and ugly from its den, the type of the spider, with its divided body, the abdomen attached by a slender pedicle, is before us. If we penetrate into its interior organization we shall find that it breathes like the scorpion by lungs as well as air holes or trachee. The infant spider has at first four pairs of feet, like the grim adult that seems all legs, fierce vertical mandibles ending in hollow points, that extend into tubes, through which poison passes from poison reservoirs in the head. They vary as to their lungs and spinnerets; the large trap door spider has four lung sacks, but the number of spinnerets is restricted to two pairs. Such are some of the general features of the great spider, robbed of technical garnishing.

Every move of the *Cteniza Californica*, as the large trap door spider is called, in the the construction of its nest, is seemingly instigated by wisdom. The selection of locality is in adobe ground, that is as hard as a stone in dry weather, and the methods of building their traps can not but excite the admiration of the observer. Their operations can best be watched at night, but sometimes during the day. When the site is chosen, the worker begins to loosen the earth with its mandibles, carrying it away. If the ground is hard, the work is slow, but by moving in a circle a cavern or well as large as a large thimble will be produced in an hour, and in a day a pit three or four inches deep and an inch in diameter will be dug. This accomplished, the silk department of the insect is brought into play, and the spinnerets are attached repeatedly to the sides of the wall until the interior surface is covered with a wall paper of the finest silk, perfectly watertight. Generally the door is made next, but sometimes before. In forming it the threads are passed across the opening until a platform is constructed of more or less sustaining power. Upon this the spider heaps bits of adobe, dirt or other material, working and binding it together with silk until it has a thickness of an eighth of an inch. The silken threads are put on by a rotary motion of the spider's body. Finally the upper portion is sprinkled with powdered adobe, so that the cover is the exact color of the surrounding ground, and as it has been made to fit the orifice or opening of the well perfectly, it is water tight. The door has been perhaps attached to the sides at several points. These are all severed but one, which is now a perfect hinge, elastic and durable, and if we lift it up on the point of the knife it will be found that the little worker has provided a patent spring, in other words, the door is so ballasted that it is self-closing. The under side of the trap door is now covered with layer after layer of silk, so that it is convex, forming a silken pad, the use of which is evident when an attempt is made to open the door, the mandibles of the tenant being fastened to it, while the spider braces back with its legs against the walls and holds it down. So effectual is this method of closing the portcullis that often the hinge is torn apart before the spider will release his hold. On one occasion when the door did give, the infuriated insect released its hold and sprang at least twelve inches at the offender, showing a decidedly aggressive nature.

The ferocity of these insect tigers, however, is displayed when in chase of prey, and the size of the animals they attack is sometimes astonishing. A large one has been seen to attack a young gopher. The latter had tunneled along the edge of an adobe tract, coming up within two or three feet of the door of a large spider's trap, and soon began a series of short and erratic migrations from its hole; each time loading its pouches with bits of grass and weed. The spider, in making its trap, had fastened in a bit of the latter, and when this was pulled out by the gopher the hinge gave way, and in a second a ball of hair and fur was rolling about, and twelve legs and claws were grasping the air. The spider had rushed out suddenly, and with a quick leap seized the unlucky gopher near the throat, and had evidently penetrated it with its poison mandibles. The gopher, terrified at the assault, at first backed toward its hole, but the pain caused it to defend itself and the two were soon in a sanguinary struggle; the spider merely retaining its hold, relying upon its poison, while the gopher struck and pawed the insect with its claws, also endeavoring to use its powerful teeth. The result of this was that the ground for several inches about was soon covered with gopher's blood and spider's hair and legs. Over and over the combatants rolled. Finally the gopher, rising on its hind legs, tore the spider off and staggered to its hole, where it undoubtedly succumbed.

The poison of these spiders is probably more virulent one time than another, and is absurdly exaggerated in Mexico, where I have been told that to even allow a tarantula to walk over a person during the intense heat of Summer, would be productive of fatal results. The truth is, that in certain cases the bite proves fatal, just as people have been killed by the bite of a wasp, the fright and nervous shock acting together to produce such a deadly result. The majority of small birds, mammals and reptiles often succumb to the poison. The great spider does much of its foraging at night; attacking the mole, crickets, mice and various insects that suit its palate. In some experiments tried with a mouse and tarantula, this being the popular name in this section, both being placed in a box together, the former showed immediately its distress and terror. Either bitter experience or instinct warned it that the hideous creature was a mortal enemy. The spider remained perfectly quiet, but the unfortunate quadruped lost its head and darted over the hairy insect, whereupon a fierce struggle was commenced. Their movements could be followed, but in less than three minutes the spider was torn in pieces by the little animal, that a few minutes later dropped upon its side, gasped and died.

The tarantula has few enemies. Some of the large insectivorous birds (as the butcher bird) would probably attack it, but its enemies may practically be confined to a large insect called the tarantula hawk, that seems to be the only insect that knows the open sesame of the big spider. The latter when returning to its trap at full speed, can lift the lid and slide in so delicately that its disappearance appears almost miraculous. It would seem as though the hawk watched this performance, as it finds the trap with comparative ease, lifts the silk door and darts in, overpowering the spider and killing or paralyzing it. In the body it deposits its eggs. The latter in time hatch, the young tarantula hawks feeding upon the body that had formed their birth-place. Thus the hawk not only destroys the great spider but converts its body into a storehouse for its eggs and the trap for a home for the coming brood, who, perhaps, have got their first suggestions as to tarantula-hunting. This method of providing for the future young is found among a large number of this tribe, and when it is remembered that many of them only paralyze their victims, putting them on ice as it were, so that they will sleep until the eggs that have been deposited in the body are hatched it will be considered most remarkable.

The tarantula finds one wily victim that it only captures by piecemeal, and that by accident. The little brown lizard that frequents the clearings is sometimes caught napping, and before it can escape the huge spider is upon it, and seizes the slender tail, confident perhaps of a dinner. But nature has provided the lizard with a method of escape. The first crunch of the mandible into the delicate skin and the tail is completely whisked off, the cunning lizard darting away and leaving the dry but squirming caudal extremity behind. At times the body of the lizard is seized, when the victim soon ceases his struggles, probably quickly overcome by the virulent poison.

It would seem a difficult feat to tame a tarantula, yet they are susceptible to kind treatment and will recognize their owners or the one that feeds them, and crawl over his arm without offering to dine thereupon. A green spider that I have had upon my desk until within a few days, that was remarkable for its mimicry, being the exact tint of the stems of the flower upon which it lived, was so tame that it fed from my hand, taking flies as I provided them.

Scorpions that I have been familiar with in Florida and the tropics in wood exclusively and under board piles, here burrow like crickets, though not so deep, and are almost invariably found under rocks, and sometimes in damp places. The Southern California scorpion is not so cosmopolitan as its Florida neighbor. There we found it difficult to keep them out of the house, but here they are not inclined to be domestic. They have the same habits, however, that are remarkable enough. The long tail ends in a sting, that is comparable to the mandible of its cousin, the spider, and is pierced with a tube from which poison flows from a duct. Beside this the scorpion has two crab-like claws, and thus armed is a match for the largest crickets. To show the power of its poison, in some experiments recently tried I found a fly was paralyzed almost instantly. As soon as the sting entered a vital part the limbs began to quiver, draw up, and the victim was dead. Crickets lasted longer, but the sting was soon fatal. The scorpion is often a night worker, and in attack seizes the cricket or other insect in its powerful claws, and if its struggles are not too great tears it apart and devours it. If the victim attempts to escape, the long slender tail is lifted over the back, and with a vicious jerk the deadly sting is hurled into the body of the unfortunate.

Among the many fables told of the scorpion that of its committing suicide are perhaps the most familiar. When surrounded by fire the insect has been seen to sting itself; but the action was, in reality, no more with suicidal intent than would be that of a man when tearing his hair in agony. More remarkable than this alleged suicide is the method by which the young scorpions are reared. Soon after birth the latter mount upon the legs, claws and body of the parent, and ride about for some time, gradually feeding upon it; so that by the time they are capable of taking care of themselves the author of their being has succumbed to their cannibalistic appetite and is a mere empty shell.

One of the most dreaded insects of this country is the centipede; its enormous jaws, seemingly innumerable legs and powerful muscular development making it a creature to be avoided. They are found under logs and stones, and attain a length of four inches. Quite recently one has been discovered that, after being exposed to the light of the sun, gave out a brilliant light in the dark, the light emitting secretion, curiously enough, coming off upon the hands of the finder.—*San Francisco Call.*

FRIENDLY WARNINGS.

Samples of Admonitions Received By Travelers at Rural Stations.

It is often very amusing to hear the precautionary instructions and admonitions given to inexperienced young travelers at rural railway stations by anxious parents and friends, who have traveled little themselves. A big farm wagon, filled with men, women and children, came up to a small railroad station in a backwoods district. A young woman of the party was going all the way from one State to another, and her relatives had come to "see her off." The remarks overheard by a looker-on were of the following nature:

"Now be mighty careful, Mary."
"Yes, I will."
"Got your satchel?"
"Yes."
"Got your ticket all safe?"
"Yes."
"Be sure and pin your money up carefully in your pocket."
"Yes."
"Don't talk to no one."
"No."
"Look out awful sharp for pickpockets."
"Yes, I will."
"Don't forget for any thing to change cars."
"No, I won't."
"Got your baggage-check all safe?"
"Yes."
"Don't give it up until you get your baggage."
"No, I won't."
"Be sure and get on the right train when you change cars."
"Yes."
"Sure you've got every thing?"
"Yes, I guess so."
"Be careful getting off the cars. Wait until they stop real still."
"Yes, I will."
"If the train *should* run off the track, you better set perfectly still."
"Yes, I will."
"Here comes the train now. Sure you got everything?"
"Yes."
"Now *do* be careful, Mary!"
"Yes, yes, I will."
"Write right off."
"Yes."
"Be *awful* careful!"
"Yes."
"Mind that you——"
"All aboard!" shouts the conductor, and Mary is carried off into a thousand dangers, as her friends firmly believe.—*Youth's Companion.*

A Perfect Baby.

Old Bachelor (to young mother)—The baby is rather small of its age?

Young Mother (hesitatingly(—Ye-es, rather.

Old Bachelor—No teeth yet?

Young Mother (falteringly)—N-no, not yet.

Old Bachelor—Legs a little bowed?

Young Mother (doubtfully)—Er-a trifle, perhaps.

Old Bachelor—Nose small for the rest of its face?

Young Mother (uncertainly)—Ye-es, but it will grow.

Old Bachelor—Cries most of the time?

Young Mother (dubiously)—It cries a little.

Old Bachelor—Well, if the baby possesses all these defects why do you call it the sweetest, nicest, dearest, loveliest and most beautiful baby in the world? Huh!

Young Mother (triumphantly)—Because it is. So there! You mean old thing.—*N. Y. Sun.*

—By the completion of a telephone line between this city and Philadelphia, connecting with one to Boston, conversation can be easily carried on between the Hub and the city of Brotherly Love, a distance of 332 miles.—*N. Y. Witness.*

OLD MOUNT ETNA.

Destruction Wrought by Various Eruptions of This Treacherous Volcano.

The celebrated volcano of Mount Etna is once more in a state of eruption. Ever since a record has been made and kept of Etna its great disturbances have been preceded by earthquakes, loud explosions are heard, rifts finally open in the sides of the famous mountain, then smoke, sand, ashes and scoriæ are discharged, cinders are thrown out and accumulate around in a conical form, and at last lava rises through the cone, often breaking down one side of it, where there is the least resistance, and flowing over the surrounding country.

There have been some seventy-nine recorded eruptions, the most of these of a harmless character. A few only have been violent. The most noted of these eruptions occurred at widely separate periods, but their effects will not be forgotten while man inhabits the earth. In the year 1169 an eruption took place which overwhelmed Catania, when 15,000 inhabitants perished in the burning ruins. Just 500 years later—that is, in 1669—thousands and tens of thousands perished in the streams of lava which rolled over the adjoining country for forty days. In the month of May, 1830, several adjacent villages were destroyed, and showers of lava reached near to the Eternal City itself. On November 12, 1832, the town of Bronte was destroyed, and in August and September, 1852, violent eruptions occurred. Violent eruptions also took place November 28, 1868, and May 26 and June 7, 1879.

The loss of life during the Christian era has been very great, while the destruction of property is uncounted. The condition of the region around the volcano proper may be readily guessed when it is explained that there are two cities, Catania and Aci Reale, and sixty-three towns or villages on Mount Etna. Indeed, it is much more thickly populated than any other part of Sicily or Italy. No fewer than 300,000 persons live on the mountain. The area of the region described as the mountain is approximately 480 square miles. The height of the mountain is 10,868 feet. The radius of vision from the summit has been variously stated, but the mean distance is probably not far from 150 miles. The reason for the large population is found in the fact that the surface soil is extremely fertile, and the vine flourishes, as well as grains, olives, oranges, lemons, figs and others fruits. The forests are extensive and valuable. The desert region, which is nearest the openings of the cones, is embraced between the limit of 6,300 feet and the summit. It occupies an area of about ten square miles, and consists of a dreary waste of black sand, scoriæ, ashes and masses of ejected lava. It remains in autumn, winter and spring permanently covered with snow, and even in the height of summer snow may be found in sheltered places in the neighborhood of the summit.—*Chicago Inter Ocean.*

A DEPLORABLE FATE.

A Sane Man's Long Confinement in a French Lunatic Asylum.

Jean Mistral, the supposed lunatic, who has been confined for years in the Montpelier Asylum for the Insane, has finally been liberated after a hearing in his case by the Tarascon tribunal. His fortune, with the accumulated interest, now amounts to 65,000,000 francs. His story is a peculiarly sad one. He is now searching for his wife, whom his relatives expelled from France in 1837 because she refused in return for an annuity of 500 francs to acknowledge herself a woman of bad character. Jean Mistral is a cousin of Frederick Mistral, the poet, and is now an old man, much bent and with a frightened manner. He is completely broken down and his nerves are shattered. His experiences in the madhouse were dreadful and totally wrecked him physically, although his mind is sound. He refused to believe that he was to be heard by the tribunal after so many years of disappointment and neglect until he was actually taken there. Then he burst into tears, and it was some time before he was sufficiently composed to talk.

The president of the tribunal reassured him and then he told his story lucidly, and in a straightforward, logical way answered all the tests of sanity and satisfactorily demonstrated that there was no legitimate ground for his incarceration. He said he had married when a young man without the consent of his parents an opera-singer named Dombrowska. The marriage took place in Posen. The refusal of the parents to recognize the marriage was based on the absence of dot, as the bride brought nothing with her but vocal talent and the money which she had earned by it. Mistral's parents declined to allow any income, and he and his wife lived for some time on the proceeds of her operatic engagements. After a while Dombrowska's voice failed, and then they became itinerant musicians and managed to eke out a scanty sustenance. The wife at last consented to a temporary separation in the hope that her husband would become reconciled with his parents, and be relieved from the hardships which he was obliged to endure.

As soon as Mistral placed himself within reach of his relations they had him arrested on a charge of lunacy. From that time to this he has not seen his wife or heard any thing about her. Now that he has come into the family fortune he will probably spend the rest of his life in trying to find her if she has not died in the meantime.

The Paris newspaper *Voltaire* took up cases of this sort three years ago and began a vigorous agitation in behalf of sane persons confined as lunatics. This instance excited wide interest and so flagrant a case of wrong will probably lead to the repeal of the lunacy law as it now exists in France and remedial legislation on the subject.—*Paris Cor. London Times.*

—A Haverhill woman refused to shoo her hens because her husband, a shoemaker, was on a strike.—*Lowell Citizen.*

TISSUE FLOWER PARTIES.

The Beautiful Art Which Is Taking the Place of the Crazy Quilts.

Tissue paper flowers are the feminine craze now. The show-windows are resplendent with tulips, roses, daisies, poppies and violets made out of tissue paper, and young ladies of society are devoting hours to acquiring the art of their manufacture. It is a pastime particularly interesting, and it is remarkable what beautiful floral effects are produced with colored paper, a little wire, a little glue and a pair of scissors. An enterprising manufacturing company has taken advantage of the craze, and has put up in boxes an assortment of different colored tissue paper, with a small coil of fine wire and a few pieces of very fine soft rubber pipe, to be used for stems. These boxes, together with a pamphlet of instructions, are sold at a trifling sum by the thousands. Young ladies, with no knowledge of the manufacture of artificial flowers, it is said, can, with the contents of one of these boxes, and by the aid of the book of instructions, produce the most natural domestic flowers with a little practice.

"Tissue-paper parties" have already become popular. The fashionable world always eagerly welcomes any new entertainment which promises to be both novel and amusing, and it has taken hold of the tissue-paper mania. At these quiet little assemblages not only striking effects in flowers are produced, but dresses are manufactured. Paper used at these affairs is imported, and comes in a most marvelous variety and beauty of color. Some of the garments of this flimsy material are very beautiful. As can be easily imagined, the variety of colors, shades and tints is almost inexhaustible, and every kind of combination and effect is possible. In the matter of trimming there is scope for all sorts of imitations — flowers, fringes, ruffs, and a hundred and one furbelows which women only understand the name or the object of. There must be a great deal of satisfaction in a lady making such a dress and then viewing it with rapturous feminine delight, but this satisfaction can not, of course, be compared to that of the master of the house, who finds his relief in the fact that it costs but a few cents.

But it is the manufacture of flowers from this imported paper which has turned the young feminine mind upside down. In the wonderful craze for fancy work these paper flowers are much used for ornamentation. Roses and poppies, made much larger than nature, are used for decorating lace curtains, pillow cases, backs of plush sofas and chairs, and easels. A very popular feature of the parlor is a basket of these flowers. The basket itself is made of dark-colored paper, without a foundation, simply in a ring, and the material is placed in folds. The flowers themselves are then laid on paper shavings, which fill out and keep the basket in shape. The handle, of wire, is covered with paper, with sweet peas or other climbing flowers twined around it. Such a basket of flowers can scarcely be distinguished from wax. A skillful hand, however, is needed in their manufacture.

"The prettiest thing I have seen made of tissue paper is a mat representing a water lily," said a young lady the other day, while in conversation with the writer upon the subject. "The perfect form of the beautiful flower was reproduced. It was made upon a foundation of a very large leaf, and upon this leaves in graduated sizes are placed, the lower ones being of dark green, the center of very pale yellow, while the intermediate leaves were in graduated tints. You have no idea what a happy effect was produced."—*N. Y. Sun.*

BONANZA HISTORY.

The Fate of James D. Walker and His High-Priced Book-Keeper.

James D. Walker ten years ago was a member of the bonanza firm, and his check was good for $500,000, or a million, at any bank in the country. Then Flood and Fair bought him out, and Walker opened a broker's office under the Nevada Bank, in San Francisco, and did all the business of his former partners. In these times Flood, Fair and Mackey were on the top notch of speculation. They were swinging the market at their own sweet will, and making or breaking the thousands who were battling with the fierce tide of stock gambling. Alexander Austin, or "Sandy," as his friends used to call him, had just served his term as tax collector, and went in with Walker. How they did make things boom! The book-keeper got $400 a month, and had a sumptuous lunch served every day in a large room in the rear of the office at the expense of the firm. Their expenses were enormous, but so was their business. The partners were clearing $20,000 a month, but they were standing on the brink of a precipice. Flood remarked that other and outside brokers were manipulating certain stock precisely as his own brokers. This would never do; so he called a consultation, and informed the Walker firm that this sort of thing would not do; that there was a traitor in the camp somewhere, and that unless he was detected and fired their relations could not continue. Close and earnest investigation was made, but without avail. Then came a transaction of more than ordinary importance, but, to the intense disgust of the bonanza firm, it was apparently foreseen and anticipated by these outside brokers, kept posted apparently by some traitor in the Walker-Austin camp. Then the bonanza people changed their broker, and from that hour the fortunes of Walker & Co. began to decline. Matters grew worse and worse. Austin committed suicide. Walker sold a magnificent mansion in Oakland, which cost him close to $500,000, to prop up the waning glory of the swell firm. At last it was a clean case of bust, and I don't believe Mr. Walker to-day could put his hand on $200. He discovered, when too late, that the high-priced book-keeper, was the traitor. He sold his employers, but no luck ever came of his treachery, and he is to-day keeping books at $50 a month for a Hebrew clothes-dealer in Portland, Oregon.—*Sacramento Bee.*

PUTTING ON AIRS.

Improving the Old Homestead With An Artistic Garb of New Whitewash.

A few well-timed remarks upon matters of general interest to housekeepers, coming from one who understands fully what he is talking about, may be beneficial. If they are received in the proper spirit my object will have been attained. All I care for is to furnish all the information I can and do all the good I can. Life is made up of these little acts of kindness, and to be well informed, and then to be able to spread that information around all over the country in such a way as to ameliorate the condition of our race, is a most fortunate thing for the possessor and a great boon to those who may be the recipients of that information.

A good, durable whitewash may be made by slaking pure lime with salt and a light solution of water. Mix while cold and stir gently while boiling, so that it will not burn on. Let it stand ten minutes and then carefully skim it. If it does not settle readily drop in the yolk of an egg. Do not put glue in your whitewash in order to make it stick. It is a great mistake to unite glue or baking powder with whitewash that is to be used on the walls or ceiling of a parlor.

A gallon of milk will improve a large quantity of whitewash, but the cream may be taken off before the milk is used. To apply whitewash on a ceiling is not a difficult process, and many people pay a professional when they might do it equally well themselves.

Take a whitewash brush of about the medium height and dip it in the liquid preparation. Next carefully remove the surplus by gently pressing the brush against the side of the pail. You can then stand on the piano and apply the solution to the ceiling, a little at a time. If you do this, however, do not step forward into the works of the piano or set the pail on the strings while you are at work. After you have been at work for a few moments and get your sleeves well filled with whitewash, you may empty them back into the pail, thus saving the surplus, which otherwise might be wasted. Care should be used in spattering oil paintings and bric-a-brac on the walls. Some oil paintings look better spattered with whitewash, while others do not. For this reason a keen discrimination is necessary, and every man may not succeed with the brush.

Whitewash may be removed from the eye by the judicious use of muriatic acid, which cuts the lime and purifies the eye itself, removing any animal substance also that may have fallen into the socket, including the eye itself.

Maple sugar may be made by squeezing the juice out of the maple tree and boiling it down to about the consistency of the spring poem. The maple flavor is not injurious to the taste, and does not interfere with the popularity of this justly celebrated dope for the hot pan-cake. Much maple sirup and sugar grow in Vermont, and I have often wondered what becomes of this healthful beverage. Why maple sirup, made from the juice of the maple tree, should not find its way into the channels of trade is more than I can understand.

A cheap and tasty window curtain may be made of the finest batiste, cut the proper length, and then decorated with painted flowers. Most any lady can read by paint these flowers in any design, or at least a great many seem to think they can. The flowers may be any variety which fancy may dictate, such as corn flowers, daisies, pond lilies or forget-me-nots, and, if they do not look just right, they may be erased while still green by boiling the curtains in a solution of benzine and turpentine, say two parts of the former to ninety-eight of the latter.

A design to which my attention has been recently called consists of a unique, improvised flower, composed by a young lady who is destined to make her mark some day, unless some one interferes. She has already made her mark in several places in fact, but these flowers certainly deserve something more than a mere passing notice. They are not copied from the monotonous and tedious uniformity so much affected in nature, but they stand out by themselves and attract the attention at once, because of their bold originality. Instead of copying nature, and thus becoming tiresome, she has constructed a flower that is a cross between a rose cancer and a ginger cooky. It grows on a perpendicular stem, that looks like a dark green hat-rack with buds on it, that remind the enraptured spectator of an aggravated felon on a dark red thumb, just peeping out of a pale green, weather-beaten bandage.

Nothing so bold in conception or so utterly free from conventionality has come within my range of observation for years. The inflammatory condition of the blossom itself, the bold and mathematically perpendicular poise of the stem, and the early stages of eruption visible in the complexion of the bud, challenge the admiration of the philanthropist and the board of health.

It stands out as a work of art, alone and safe from imitation. It certainly has never been successfully imitated by nature, and I do not think it ever will be. While nature loves to give us freaks now and then, I may safely say that she will never furnish us with a flower like this, a flower that looks as though it had been nailed on the parent stem with shingle nails, while the foliage, it would seem, was cut out of sheet-iron and riveted to the curtain by the hand of a master. It is one of those meek-eyed, fragile blossoms of the vale, that you could successfully use in beating out a man's brains.—*Bill Nye, in Boston Globe.*

A Good Chairman.

Politician (pointing to a passer-by, and addressing a friend)—There goes the man we want for chairman of the convention.

Friend—Who, Patterson? Why he is rather deaf.

Politician—That's why we want him for chairman. He belongs to our faction, and won't hear any motion that is not to our interest. Best chairman, when he happens to be on the right side, I ever saw.—*Arkansas Traveler.*

PITH AND POINT.

—A man's humility deserts him as soon as he discovers it.—*Washington Critic.*

—A sewing circle was so quiet in one of the suburban towns the other evening, that the police threatened to raid it, on suspicion that it was an illicit still.—*Boston Transcript.*

—Prominent N. A.—What do you think of it? Friend—I don't think it is as good as you did last year. N. A.—But I painted nothing last year. Friend—Ex—exactly.—*Life.*

—The Salvation Army of Washington has converted a dude. He can already pronounce the letter B and next week will venture forth for the first time without a cane.—*Philadelphia Call.*

—An editor intimates: "Persons sending us poems will please to write on only one side of the sheet, and use white paper, so that if the article is not accepted we may use the opposite side of the paper, and thus good may come of the poem."

—Snob—I think you know the Tetterbys. Are they—a—quite the sort of people one can ask to one's house, don'tcherknow? His friend—O, certainly, if you wish to. Whether they'll come or not is another question.—*Chicago Tribune.*

—Little children and dogs are about the only specimens of animate nature which may be relied upon. There's more truth in a baby's dimpled smile or the wag of a dog's tail than there is in all the taffy ladled out during a lifetime.—*Chicago Ledger.*

—What They All Go For.—Mother—Well, dear, did you have a successful hunt for arbutus? Daughter—Yes, ma; Gus and Harry proposed within fifteen minutes of each other. Mother—I'm glad you had such a pleasant afternoon among the flowers. Your sister must go next time.—*Tidbits.*

—Our attention has been called to another dreadful crime in Vermont. A man walked deliberately into the railroad library room in St. Albans the other day and took the "life of Macaulay." The wretch has so far escaped, but it is suspected that he has gone to Reading.—*St. Albans Messenger.*

—At the New Milliners' Club.—Male functionary—As none of the ladies present have put in their claim for the presidency on the ground of seniority, I shall have to take the chair myself, and now call upon the two youngest of the assembly to take the office of secretaries. [General rush for the platform.]—*N. Y. Telegram.*

—The doctor is hastily called to the bedside of a sick man. "Alas!" he murmurs, as he takes the hand of the patient, "there is nothing to be done. His hand is already green." "But, doctor," returned the wife, "my husband is a painter, and that is the reason his hands are stained." "Oh, well," replied the doctor, "that does make a difference, to be sure. He really has some chance. If he were not a painter he would be dead in five minutes."—*French Paper.*

BASE BALL LINGO.

How It Was Translated By an Honest Milesian Workman.

The other noon two of the crew of old men employed by the board of public works to clean the streets, were eating their cold bite on the curbstone at Michigan avenue and First street. One of them handed a portion of a newspaper to the other and said:

"Read me about the game of base ball. My son Johnnie is just wild over it, and I want to see what it is that carries the boy away."

The other took the paper, located the account of the game and read:

"Getzein's work in the box has seldom been excelled."

"In the box? What did they have a man in a box for? If a man in a box can play base ball then a man in a chair can scrape off the pavement."

"I suppose it means he was in a cage, but the paper calls it a box to ease up his feelings. Let me read on:

"Deasley hit up a fly for Deacon White to corral."

"What kind of a fly?"

"It doesn't say. It may have been a horse-fly which was bothering Mr. Deasley."

"And what does corral mean?"

"Corral jewelry, of course. Let me go on:

"Welch's corker was taken in by Hanlon, and——"

"Stop!" said the old man, as he waved a piece of cold meat in the air. "Welch had a corker, did he?"

"He did."

"And Hanlon took it in?"

"That's what it says."

"And did the referee give the match to Welch?"

"It don't say, but if it was London rules he had to. I saw a chap get a corker at the knock-out the other night, and he fell like a codfish."

"Very well; read on."

"Richardson hit a grounder and Getzein beat it to the plate. Thompson sent ——"

"Stop aga'n! What's a grounder?"

"It's a blow below the belt."

"And that man Getzein was the same chap they had in a cage at the start? Who let him out, and what for?"

"I'm giving you what the paper says, and here's more of it:

"Rowe sent up a pop fly, which Connor muffed, Thompson going to——"

"Stop again! Put that paper down on the grass, and put a stone atop of it! It's no wonder the whole country is striking for eight hours' work wid ten hours pay when the newspapers have gone crazy. The horse-fly which was bothering Mr. Deasley was all right, but a pop fly is an animal I never heard of and won't give in to. Mr. Connor must have looked elegant dancing around wid a muff in his hands to bat a pop fly over the head!"

"But it's the game."

"Then it's no wonder my boy Johnny comes home every base ball day wid a pale face and a cramp in his stomach, and that half of the men in Detroit pull out a base ball score whenever you ask 'em the time o' day, Mr. Welch."

"What is it, Mr. O'Flynn?"

"Give me a light for me pipe and we will talk Gaelic to each other. Base ball is too much for us."—*Detroit Free Press.*